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the last stages of the disease and obviously his time was short. I was unable to give him any but the most unfavorable prognosis, and he died just a week later.

Two or three days after his death, I heard myself under discussion in one of the reception rooms where I was paying a visit. "This man," said an Arab to his friend, "is certainly a remarkable doctor. He arrived in Riyadh some ten days ago, as you know, and Abdullah sent for him at once. As soon as the doctor stepped into Abdullah's house he pointed at him with his finger. 'You will die,' he said, 'in exactly a week.' Now he did not feel especially bad the following week; on the contrary he felt somewhat better, but just a week from that day he lay down and died."

A woman came to us in Bahrein suffering from an ovarian cyst. It was a huge affair weighing probably sixty or seventy pounds. We had no scales at hand large enough to weigh it. As it rested on the instrument table, the father of the patient came and asked for it. "You must give that to me," he said. "I want it."

"No," I said, "you don't want that. We do not give those things away. It will be of no use to you."

"Yes," persisted the man, "you must give it to me for I need it. This woman you have just operated on is my daughter and on account of this trouble she lost her good name. Her husband returned three years ago after a prolonged absence and finding her abdomen swollen he divorced her without any words. Now it is evident that this trouble was not due to unfaithfulness on her part, so I want to take this to the judge and clear her good name."

"Very well," I said. "If it will do anybody any good you are welcome to it." So they brought in a large

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sheet, put the cyst in and tied the sheet catacorner both ways, hung it from a large pole and two men carried it down the street to the judge's house. He looked at it in great astonishment. "*Mashallah* (What the Lord is able to do)!" was his first comment. The great cyst was carried around and exhibited to every prominent house in the city and was the talk of the place. Then after three or four days, being a thin-walled structure, it burst, and that was the end of the first chapter.

But there was another chapter to the story of the cyst. Six months later I was in Katif on a visit and a man came into the reception room. "Do you know," he asked my host, "who this man is?"

"Well," he replied, "I know who he says he is. He says he is the doctor from Bahrein."

"That is just who he is. Do you know what he did?"

"No, what did he do?"

"What did he do? Why this is the man who operated on the woman from Bedaiah. He took an enormous sack from her abdomen. They took it to the judge and to the various prominent houses of Bahrein and showed it everywhere, and after three or four days decided that they would like to know what was inside, so they opened it up and a live chicken jumped out of it."

Some of the missionaries overheard the following description of one of the hospital operations. "What do you think," said the narrator, "that I saw this morning? I was in the operating room of the American Hospital and a man came in. The doctor listened to his chest with that funny little machine that he puts in his ears. 'Yes,' he said almost at once, 'there is something the matter with your heart. You will have to be operated on.' So he was put up on the operating table and the doctor made